



SPITTING

PRETTY

PIKKTURES

30 P



ALL WRITING AND LAYOUT BY LEE  
EXCEPT...

'BABY' by KIM

'HAPPY BIRTHDAY' by NEIL

'MOTHER' & 'HEY YOU' by PINK FLOYD

'ARE YOU HAPPY NOW ?' by POISONGIRLS.

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WITH GRAHAM AND PAUL VAN TRANSIT.



Greetings! This is the first introduction i've written in over two years, i've been doing mags for almost four years, this one being my twelfth. The reason for the intro is to briefly explain why i do a mag, its a wierd situation really. People still miss the point that i change the zines name at least every two issues, the reasons are simple, to avoid stagnation and hiding in the security of being established, so that i, the individual survive (or die), and keep my freedom to write what ever i please. This actual mag is the indirect result of pressure, the people who have applied that pressure dont even know it, it's a reaction to their ignorance and to stagnation and misinterpretation.

In the past my writing has been classed as strong/obnoxious/obscene simply because i stretched beyond the usual band/record interview review type fanzine to all kinds of expression. It's also been classed as vague/watered down/obscure etc because i write about feelings, often feelings which i cant understand in total. I have created a space for my madness/expression and am determined to take that space to it's limit, if it has a limit!

This collection of writings are for people who i feel have missed several points in living a free life and fighting authority, the two are never far from each other. Obviously i've also compiled this mag cos i feel its relevant, and also cos i need to write it, everyone should write about what interests/involves/affects them, i dont know if its selfish or not, but anyone who denies writing like this is either a liar, insincere or a journalist, or all three, far better to be selfish!

If you read something that you find a bit difficult to comprehend on first reading, then its deliberate, its a reaction to the whole fuckin mess of flick thru and throwaway takeaway fanzines that many writers seem 'comfortable' with, all containing the usual views and attitudes, re-cycled ideas upon re-cycled paper, too many bands with nothing to say and those with something to say dont say it, they just play along with routine questions. Are you, a reader actually happy with this? The fanzine revolution hasnt even really begun!

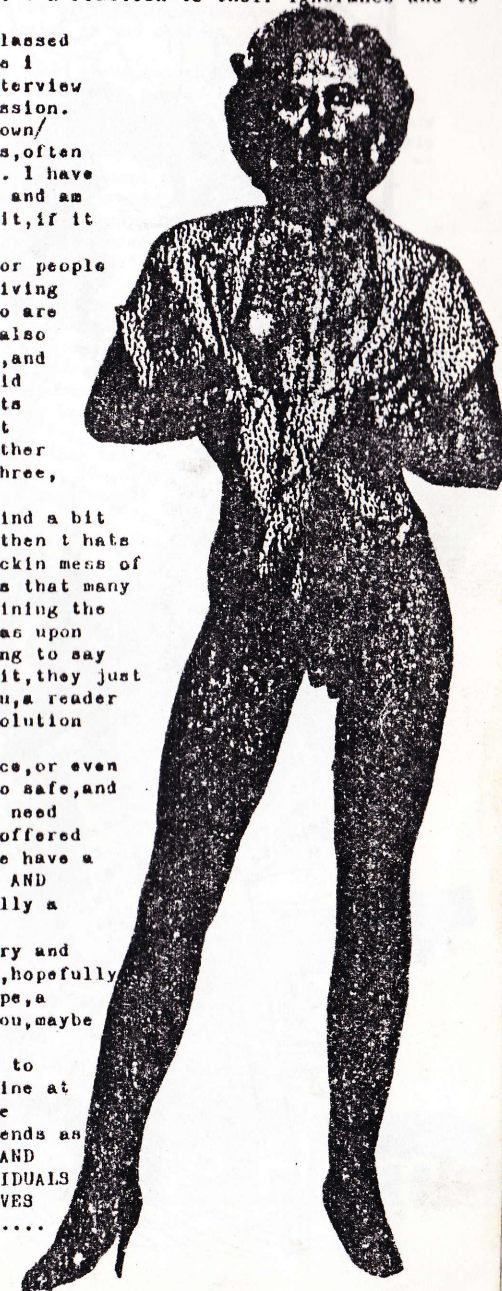
Not enough people are taking chance, or even writing from the heart, honestly, its all so safe, and i for one am bored with it. Peoples minds need stimulating in order to think, all we get offered is their repetition in order to repeat. We have a choice between 'REPETITION/BOREDOM/SAFETY' AND 'RISK/HONESTY/ORIGINALITY' there isnt really a choice to make, is there?

This mag is a blend of ideas, poetry and personal expression, and personal politics, hopefully pushing forward with intelligence and hope, a space where you must decide what is for you, maybe even think a little!

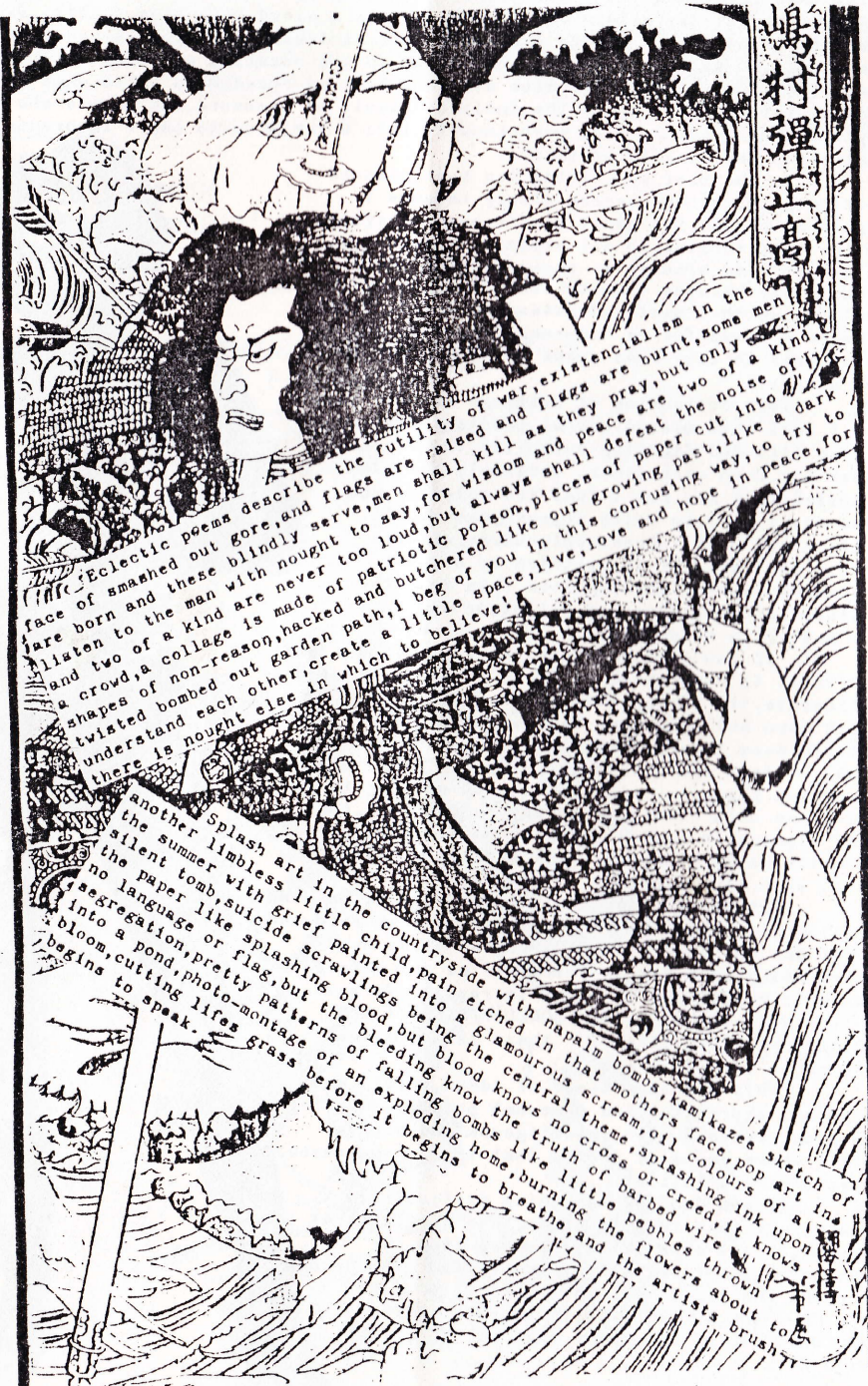
If you do find something difficult to understand, then read it again, take it a line at a time, if all else fails, pop me a line, the communication is vital! My thank list extends as far as: THANKS TO ALL THE PEOPLE I LOVE-AND YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE-AND TO ALL THE INDIVIDUALS WHO WRITE TO ME AND SHARE PART OF THEMSELVES WITH ME.....

thank you too, for your time!

Lee xxx.







Sat at home, hiding in your bedroom, living in fear of the wrath of your parents. Yes, this is home, this is fucklife, now walk down the real corridors of power. Sat at home eating your tea, you think the whole world is fucked up, but just you witness the greatest ever fuck up. Now say to them you dont want to eat that meal, that you're sick and you're tired of that slaughtered meat, now sit back and listen to the parental garbage, relax in the comfort of your very own abattoir.

Sleeping in the dark, crying in your sleep, you think you escaped the prison, but the prison becomes your dreams, once upon a time again, the family life is lived, once upon a time now, the childrens spirit gets killed....and where are the children who can stand up and denounce all of this, where is the life sparkle that shall climb from their shit?

The bitter truth of the matter is they dont fuckin matter and they'll never fuckin matter until they show that they can care! And when you stagger home you yoboo drunkard, oh well pissed up, well they'll never understand cos they never ever listened and you know they'll never listen cos they're too scared to learn.

Now this house that was your home. Is the Home that you must burn, another wall to climb another window to crack, anything at all to stop them breaking your back, and now this building that was a house is a pit of lonelly tears, and your blackmailing parents prey like vultures on your fears.....you gotta scream and you've gotta leave, and i couldnt love you any less for all the hurtful things you done, i dont blame you kicking out at everyone, but please everybody, realine your not the only ones, there are many more fighting the shit same family war!

(For Angi, my sister.)

(23.5.83.)



In the Home



"Fall upon your feet"-He sayeth.  
"Jump up lively,out of yon bed".  
But,Alas,the poor child is dead!



Tho' movement may be observed in a dull sparkle triangle within  
an eye. "Dead he is,say I!"-Yea,dead on broken dreams,broken homes and  
bastard parents,dead on cruel stability,mixed up mind and smashed  
heart...close to painful suicide".

"Dead an' dead an' fuckin dead"  
"Aye,he's another deader aright".  
Yet still this deader breathes,but breathes no hope no zest  
for life,this one lacks all real direction,an' see's no  
further than his own erection.  
Thine eye's are grey in the 'coming' of your lord,in a macho  
christian penis alike a Roman Sword.  
"Ye lack all beauty,ye know no child".

Ahh. Now we face another season of winter Thatcher,  
photograph upon portrait of Himmler,watch the withered  
get trampled under foot,FUCK the common good.

They mean nothing to ye,as ye climb yon  
vondrous oak tree,splashing leaves with  
singing beasts,with nothing but Love  
for all they can forsee.  
"Aye,feast thine grey eye's upon this"

.....And she stood there,naked breasts.....

Like a bomb these things shall spew forth from the life you  
live like an olde church,olde an' atandin' ne'er a changin',  
no no runnin',ne'er a movin',a funeral singin',Oh worship pain.  
Ye fear all natural human destiny,call it luck,ill fate or  
coincidence.



Alas all joy in ye is dead,ye hath no brains in thee head!



An' like the state, these leaches can only taste what blood ye are prepared to give. Y'see politiks means nought to me an' livin' is the All to me. "Nay i shall not walk in the shadows of your crippled gloom". "Sing for the sky and kiss the g olden sun as ye walk in woods of greene". SEDUCE THE AIR; AND AT FIRST BREATH, ORGASM; THUS FREE.....

Carved in a branch way up on high were these following words, simple, yet they caused the almost dead one to smile, and his flickering grey eye's shone with a subtle glimmer of hope, an' slowly he began to read:

NOTHING SHALL CAGE ME.  
NOTHING CAN TAME ME.  
I LOVE ONLY THE SPIRIT.  
I LOVE ONLY ALL THINGS.  
AND ALL THINGS THAT SING  
AND YOU TOO, YOUNG FOOL,  
FALL UPON YOUR OWN FEET.  
'YE HIDEOUS REPLIKA.'  
TRAPPED WITHIN YOUR OWN SENSES OF REALITY.  
BOUND AND THUS GAGGED IN THINE OWN STERILITY.  
FUCKED AND RAPED BY CHRISTIAN MORALITY.  
CRUCIFIED AND BRAINWASHED BY MASTURBATORY NORMALITY.

And as he climbed further, these carving proclaimeth:

YE ARE YE OWN CAGE.  
YE ARE YE OWN KEY.  
LEARN WELL A LOVE OF NATURE.  
SWIM IN THIS THE RIVER: THE JOY OF ALL LIFE.  
OR FOREVER YE SHALL FALL.  
'ALL THIS TECHNOLOGY JUST BRINGS ME DOWN'  
FALL AN SUFFOCATE UPON THINE OWN LIES!

Thus: after stumbling upon these words, which were to face up to time and stand themselves immortal, he lost all grip of his only clock.

Now he hath no thing to which he can call His Own. No concepts by which to hang hisself. And at long last (but not least) He Falls Upon His Feet. He is nothing, but part of it all!

Und now he hath to climb up high, always grabbing for freedom sky. Ne'er a lookin' back, forward fore'er forward. An' leavin' behind a debris of trampled lovers and murdered brothers. An' yea how they condemn him for his wisdom and bravado, an' how they seek with jealous hate to crucify him 'pon boot hill! They are lost in the pools of their own ignorance, but thee Hero of yon tale worrieth not. His vision as clear as an early morning pond. He liveth, but no longer cares for how long, it is how you live, not how long. Having shed his fear of death like that of the seventh skin of a rattlesnake.....

Man is like metal. Whilst one doth shine, others rust with time. While some attain density, vee masses wallow in industry, ne'er a realisin' the wealth of poverty, nor vee essence of people's humanity.

"Alas it now seems wiser to me to silence the ol' poison pen". An' he sits back and laughs as he climbs up higher, within hisself, upon thee oak tree. An' afore he takes his final leap he carves in thee wood:

AND THE PEOPLE CONTINUE IN ENDLESS CIRCLES.  
THE POINTLESS EXISTENCE OF TEN MILLION DISCIPLES.  
SHACKLED BLINDLY, UNTO MISERY, READING OTHERS WRITING.  
NOT EVEN FUCKING SCREAMING IN THIS BUGGER MUNDANE SILENCE.  
ALWAYS SHALL THEE SUCKERS BE A SHOVELLING.  
WHAT POXY OTHERS ARE HOLY SHITTING.

"The tree's all nod their heads.....they are agreed"-Nicholas G.



# DREAM DREAM

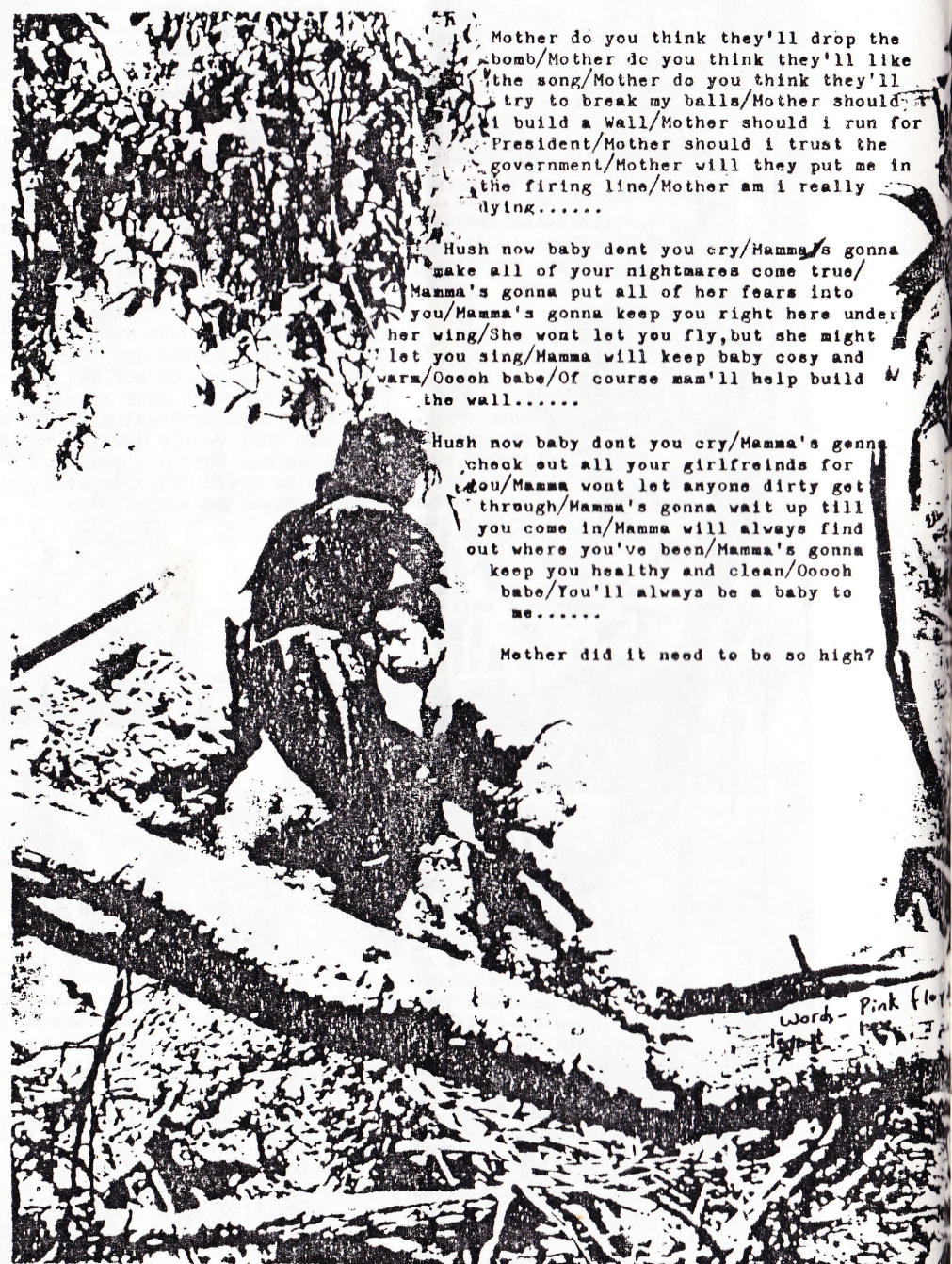
THE FOLLOWING IS AN INTERVIEW I DID WITH VI, RICHARD AND LANCE OF POISONGIRLS, THO' AT TIMES I DIDNT KNOW WHO WAS INTERVIEWING WHO! HOPEFULLY THIS WILL MAKE A CHANGE FROM THE USUAL DRAB FANZINE INTERVIEWS....THE WORDS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.....

ME-Why are each of you in PoisonGirls? Vi-Because we are the poison girls. Sorry, flipant but existentially accurate. Richard-well, i think when we first started it was just a gas to do it, to get up there and brazen it out, y'know and really exiting. And after a period of quite a long time when a lot of creativity got stifled, i personally was in a position where somebody described me as a hobbyist, what are you doing now, whats your latest hobby, and that really got to me. Vi-When was that? Richard-That was in 1975. Vi-Ahh, aha. R-The band is deffinitely not a hobby. Vi-It probably is different for all of us in a way, i just decided it was about time i went public, i'd been living this private sort of existence up till then, there was a lot of creativity going on But it was all privatised and in peoples houses, people were talking about all sorts of things, ever since i can remember theres been exiting thoughts going on, but there's never been any possibility for the Bit of it i was in to be anything other than private, and i define the reason i wanted to be in a band, i wanted to get out of the house, i think thats very important, i didnt realise how important it was at the time, one of the most important things behind one of the most exiting political changes to come about recently, like the action at Greenham common isnt so much the action which results in women getting arrested but is the action of them getting out of the house. Making issues that were private, public, in a situation thats open and for anybody to come in and confront, and this is why i wanted to be in a band, and here you are. Lance-I think for me its something to do with finding something that actually sticks, like richard refered to a hobby, the band hasnt been like that, it seems like every part where it could have just stopped and been quite nice to do for a bit, it was never like that, it seems to have a very strong impetus somewhere very deep within it that just kept it going thru all sorts of times where discouragements were so large that normally you would stop doing it because it wasnt worth it, there's something about it which just keeps it going. Vi-Well basically i suppose its dont let the bastards grind you down, every time you feel you cant do it, or is it worth it, there is that thought that having got so far and pushed so hard for so long, another twist and turn and you survive for another level or era of it or whatever. Me-Do you feel stronger? Vi-Oh yeah, it's taken me forty odd years to get over having been a child in the last world war, i worked this out last night. Ive been badly scarred and hung up about a lot of things which could be summed up as having been a child in the last world war, wether the last world war would of happened, it would probably of been the same, the upbringing that i experienced, i think ive got over it now, i realised yesterday, the air raids were over, to do with the past. R-Where it connects for me being in a band and what i'm doing is that everything i do i can focus on being in the band, where before i was in the band i was doing the same amount of things but there was no focus to them so they were all individual events in their own right. I was doing this and this and there was no connection between them. You get into a band and suddenly everything you want to do, every area of creativity, you can actually do under the heading of being in a band, the band is only 10% making music. Me-Whats happened to XNTRIX and why did you sign up to illuminated records? Lance-Xntrix records has run out of money and owes money on the projects it has done, chiefly 'Wheres the pleasure' there isnt any money there to do anything else and so we had to find some other source of income to carry on doing the kind of things we are doing, making albums and singles we need a lot of capital at a certain time and so we decided to look around and ask if there was anybody who wants to give us the money and Illuminated said they would....they were lying ha ha ha. Vi-You're right, it is hard work... Me-Whats it been like with illuminated so far, cos usually people sign to a record label and they screw you for everything you've got and twist it up and corrupt it? R-I dont think theyre screwing us up, i think theyre screwing themselves up, i mean, we have this effect on a lot of people we work with. Vi-We'll come out of it alright, but theyre probably going to collapse ha ha ha.

LOOK CINDY, MEN, COMPETING WITH EACH OTHER AGGRESSIVELY.



YES, AND AT AN INTERNATIONAL LEVEL.



Mother do you think they'll drop the bomb/Mother do you think they'll like the song/Mother do you think they'll try to break my balls/Mother should i build a Wall/Mother should i run for President/Mother should i trust the government/Mother will they put me in the firing line/Mother am i really dying.....

Hush now baby dont you cry/Mamma's gonna wake all of your nightmares come true/Mamma's gonna put all of her fears into you/Mamma's gonna keep you right here under her wing/She wont let you fly, but she might let you sing/Mamma will keep baby cosy and warm/Ooooh babe/Of course mam'll help build the wall.....

Hush now baby dont you cry/Mamma's gonna check out all your girlfriends for you/Mamma wont let anyone dirty get through/Mamma's gonna wait up till you come in/Mamma will always find out where you've been/Mamma's gonna keep you healthy and clean/Ooooh babe/You'll always be a baby to me.....

Mother did it need to be so high?

Words - Pink Floyd  
Taped - 1975



Richard-Illuminated is an independant label and actually their level of efficiency isnt a lot different to what ours was,except theyve got finance and people who are doing a record company full time,which we wernt able to do cos we are actually in the band, and i think that Xntrix still exists as an umbrella,but we havnt got any money in Xntrix. Vi-We havnt got any money and we havnt got anyone to run it, R-I think a person to run it is most important. Me-If you get financial security with illuminated records,could that turn into complacency? Vi-Well,it isnt financial, what ever you said it was,i always have difficulty with that word. R-From social downwards. Vi-They havnt given us a living,theyre financing records but they havnt given us a living.

R-The situation we were in at the beginning of this year was,having brought out Wheres the Pleasure,if we were going to do it ourselves we wouldnt have been able to becuae it would have meant increasing our debt. It costs an awful lot of money just to keep a band like Poison Girls actually existing,thats not paying anybody wages oe anything,thats just to keep things going on the level they've been going on. Vi-Like what,that sounds very indulgent?

Richard-Like martin who is doing administration with us now. Me-What does administration entail? R-He's talking to the record companies,he's organising a lot of gigs,he's working with us just doing a lot of work that has to be done. I think the problem of working with another company is that you lose control,and you lose control cos you dont have actual contact with them, therefore you still have to have somebody

who has contact with them regularly to make sure theyre doing it the way we want it done,thats the sort of role martin has with us....he comes round saying he's got a phone bill for £250 for setting up tours,business which he's done about poison girls,y'know,thats gotta come from somewhere. We did that gig at Chats and got £8 at the end, which i dont mind doing,but it actually costs us money to do gigs. We bought a new vancos the other van was worn out,£750,thats gotta come from somewhere,we have to have a van.

VOYEURS  
EXHIBITION

Big Flavo

Me-A lot of your gigs have been £2.50.

Richard-No they havnt,how many? Me-most of the last tour,places like the I.C.A. the Venue,the Ace,they've all been £2.50 or £3.00. R-Apart from the ICA, theres always been provision for people to get in for less than two pounds, and if people cant sort themselves out with a UB40 by now,then it's about time they could. At the Ace there was a bloody ticket in city limits for people to get in for £1.50,there were a 1,000 vouchers for £1.50 going round that were still available on the night,and i think it's a bit unfair saying that. Lance-I dont think there's any danger of us becoming complacent,i think theres a danger of our audience being complacent,expecting the gig price to remain the same forever,expecting not to have to us ingenuity to have to go to the gig. People say 'You've signed to illuminated

you've sold out' and they dont even buy our fuckin records,what are we supposed to do,i mean,if people actually really want us to stay independant thay should all send us £50. Vi-Well,they should of all bought two records instead of one record,then we could have kept Xntrix going and we'd have paid those depts, we only recovered half those costs,if everybody bought two we wouldnt have had to sacrifice or compromise our virgin white politics. R-I dont think we have compromised. Vi-No,but in terms of what that questions supposed to mean. R-When we originally pegged our price at a pound,when we first started working with Crass in 1978,petrol was then 68p a gallon,if you talk about it in real terms petrols now £1.80 a gallon which is well over 2½ times as much, and i dont think that £2.50 in real terms is any more than £1.00 was then. Vi-It came out last November 'Wheres the pleasure' did,so you could have bought two,kept one for yourself and given one to your mum,which is where i think the record belongs in a lot of peoples cases. Lance-Most of this criticism that we get from this seems to me to come from disgruntled consumers who want cheap product,and if all they want is a cheap night out then they can all fuck off. Richard-The other side of that is we are actually dealing with a dual quality,we are actually doing a gig at the Pheonix in charring cross road where its going to cost £6 or £8 or £10 to get in,and thats great i think cos i dont expect the people who cant afford that to come and see us at that gig,similarly i didnt expect,and was quite right in not expecting any of our old audience to go and see us at the ICA where it cost £3.00 to get in,i wasnt at all sorry not to see them there. Me-Why do you play these sort of places then? R-well,theres people who go to the ICA and Charring cross road who would never go to Chats Palace or never go to the free concert we did in brixton,and actually if we only played in those places we would never play to those people,i think thats real y'know those people that never go to see us unless we play at the venue,or go to see us at the venue and nowhere else,and i know those people exist cos they turn up when were playing in those places. Me-It's the whole thing of expanding,trying to reach more people. R-I mean, theres a very complacent bit which says we should just be playing to the sort of people that we have been playing to or who think that we are their band,i mean i still like them and were definitely not going to abandon them. Lance-If it were to come to that,in a years time they'd say Oh poisongirls,thats boring,they dont do anything,then they abandon us,the way we conduct ourselves is public property,and the way our 'fans' conduct themselves is not. Its a very uneven thing,everyone can see what were doing and can criticise it,but we have no way of knowing what theyre doing and we cant criticise them. They criticise us anytime they like and then dissappear and go and work for ICI,we wouldnt know,would we? It's not a community of people all of whom are acting in full knowledge of what everybody else is doing. Vi-What we need are certain special people who might be called spies,but which shouldnt really be called spies,checking up and telling us about the bad behaviour and ideological unsoundness of our fans. R-Go on Lee. Vi-Which we can then make public. We do set ourselves up,and i did say at the beginning that we wanted to go public,and its good to have these discussions. Me-Well these are doubts that people are having and i feel that these doubts have got to be confronted. R-I think if we'd stayed in the total exposure mode of poison girls,which was very much an option,we could have done it,stayed playing that sort of music to that audience and it would have been a sham for us and for an audience who thought they were getting something real from us. Vi-Why?



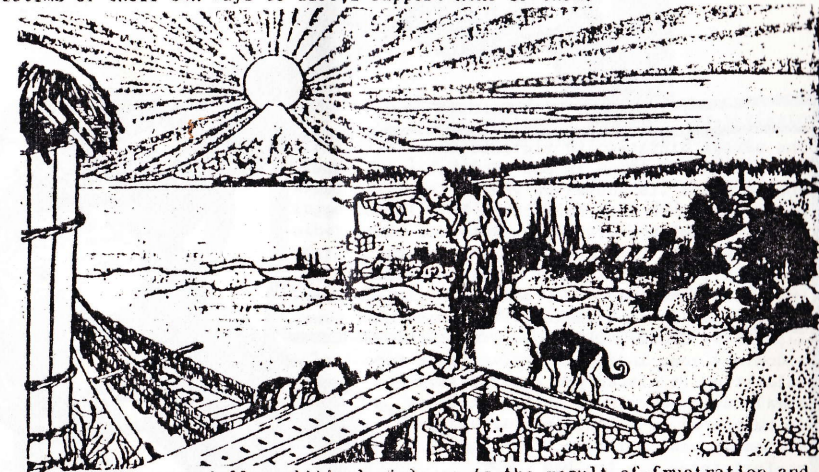
The tree's are different  
 Shades of black, The Sun  
 has lost its radiance,  
 and now its a subtle  
 Pinky red. The grass is three  
 inches tall, dew is forming upon its  
 tips. The reservoir is silver like  
 the moon. And birds they float  
 like battle ships, and  
 nearby, children play,  
 but Sadly, they miss  
 'All'  
 of  
 'This'...



DELECTABLE EST  
 ECCLE XI  
 SOLEA  
 DELECTABLE EST  
 ECCLE XI  
 SOLEA  
 DELECTABLE EST  
 ECCLE XI  
 SOLEA



The I.R.A. kill people. People die because of IRA actions. Because of the english invasion of Ireland, people retort to violence. The british retort with even more violence. The Irish people are divided in many ways, for many reasons, but they matter very little now because the fact remains that kids are getting shot and kids are throwing bricks at tanks. The IRA violence does nothing for peace. The soldiers actions do nothing for peace. The Irish peoples violence does nothing for peace. People always justify violence, always justify death, but always someone elses! I feel sorry for the people of northern Ireland, growing up and living in a battletorn wasteland, i feel sorry for the soldiers constantly wondering if the next fire extinguisher falling from a block of flats will hit him, i feel sorry for the Irish prisoners of war suffering assorted forms of torture and murder. I feel sorry for them all, ultimate victims of their own ways of life, i support none of them.



Violence, especially political violence, is the result of frustration and oppression, i understand the anger but cant sympathise with the method. The state uses violence as its last resort, out of fear, a fear that their security is being threatened or undermined. The people use violence out of fear, tribalism, religion, religious tribalism, and they fall into various barriers designed by the state for the sole purpose of keeping people apart. The solution to violence, and violence in Ireland is simple, maybe the solutions to the Irish problems are not so simple. The violence of the terrorists will stop when they realise they can pose a bigger threat to the state by non-violence, leaflets, magazines, demo's, blowing up english banks when theyre empty, destroying their power in property, not their power in human flesh and blood. The Irish peoples violence will stop when they want it to stop, they will have peace when they desire peace, when they are human and caring enough to see beyond their religions, when they see people as people, kids as kids, not brits or catholics or protestant, WE ALL BLEED! The soldiers violence will stop when they can no longer justify their violence to people everywhere, and to themselves, and when they can no longer justify their violence in northern Ireland, they can no longer justify their presence in northern Ireland.

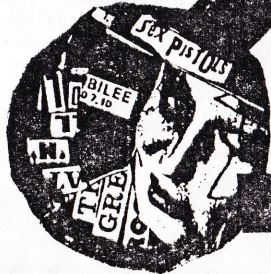
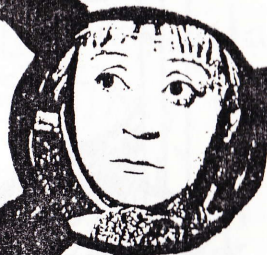
If the terrorists are pacifists, not passive but active, if the people are not violent, not totally united, but tolerant and respectful of other peoples feelings and beliefs, then how could the state use violence? If it does (and it will surely try to provoke more violence because thats the game it plays best) use violence it will look rather like a bully boy beating on a blind man (but thats the english problem!). The solution to violence can be that simple, if each individual can insist on making it that simple, who knows, maybe the solutions to Irelands troubles are that simple too.....??







The screen dictates its violence, where at least the Krishna doctrine is one of inner peace. The church spews its gospel of god to the insecure people who walk life half dazed half fucked by society. And the T.V. picks at your docile brains and its picture knife penetrates deep into your skull and probes your mind, its blade hacks you into tender pieces of meat, ready to be fucked and cooked. And the seductive voice of the capitalist dream world rapes your dignity and sodomises your individuality, and in a moment of relaxation it kisses you passionately and steals away your inner self, confidence is butchered by a constant barrage of beauty, wealth, luxury and comfort, these are the bad seeds of doubt implanted



in you by commercial advertisers, the seed takes root in your subconscious mind and flowers into a stifling normality, a burning fever of decadence. People profit out of your problem, and when you think you are buying your freedom, you are actually buying your chains of possession, ownership slavery. The more you buy the greater your need to defend it, to protect it, to insure it against theft. The more you own the more you are prepared to fight for, this is the trap of civilisation, the soul of consumerism, every buyer is a potential victim of mind attacking advertisers. And in their perverted little world of selling they create such images as passive women ready to be raped, and macho men in perfect muscular ugliness, they promote marriage and the prepacked prefab family, advertisers are merchants of normality, creating horrific images false images

which demand people to live up to them, buy them, buy the product and improve your life, dozens of soaps, perfumes, shampoos etc all display harmony, often sexist shit too, suggesting that life will be better once you buy the cosmetic. Its a lie, a selfish lie and a savage lie. Our society is based upon lies, normality, violence and decadence. And cos we've all grown up in an environment of buy and sell, we care nothing of giving and



sharing, we treat each other the same too, boyfriend, girlfriend, so afraid, so insecure, and lacking trust they lay claim to each other and cling tight like tortured animals, they marry or live together, in chains, scared to move, not letting the other breathe. Doesn't it seem crazy to you that while people die of starvation all over the globe that western countries have warehouses full of food....thats the full extent and extreme of your greed. Commercial advertising is one of the many

roots in society which creates and supports society and its levels of vulgarity, and so called normality, and this normality is responsible for bigotry, misery, aggression, poverty and pain. So next time you watch T.V. or read a newspaper or magazine (or fanzine!) just think about what they're trying to turn you into, in short, a selfish greedy spiteful consumer. There's always money to be made from peoples grief and isolation and maybe its about time to say 'NO', spend less on 'necessities' and get our heads screwed on in a world where we think a little more about people and animals than we do right now, its as simple as this--POSSESSIONS ARE THE PRICE OF PEOPLES PAIN/OWNERSHIP IS DEATH AT THE CAPITALISTS GAIN/STEP FORWARD OUT OF THE CRAP/REFUSE TO PLAY THEIR GAME!



13 to 20 million people die of hunger each year. 35,000 people die each day; 24 people every minute, 19 of them children.



# BABY



Baby, when you hold me, do you hold me round the heart ?  
Or is holding just the first step down to another part ?  
Baby, do your kisses draw anything from within ?  
Or are they just the first lap in the race you know you'll win ?

IN AT IN Baby, are we partners ? Are we on the same side ?  
Do you seek my juice to please me, or to ensure a smoother ride ?  
Is this victory and submission, the achievement of the screw ?  
Can you comprehend that I come just as well as you ?

/// Baby, when you're moving, do you move with me as one ?  
Or use me as a vessel until your job is done ?  
Do you understand that I can also have that feeling  
Before you withdraw your application and lie staring at the ceiling ?

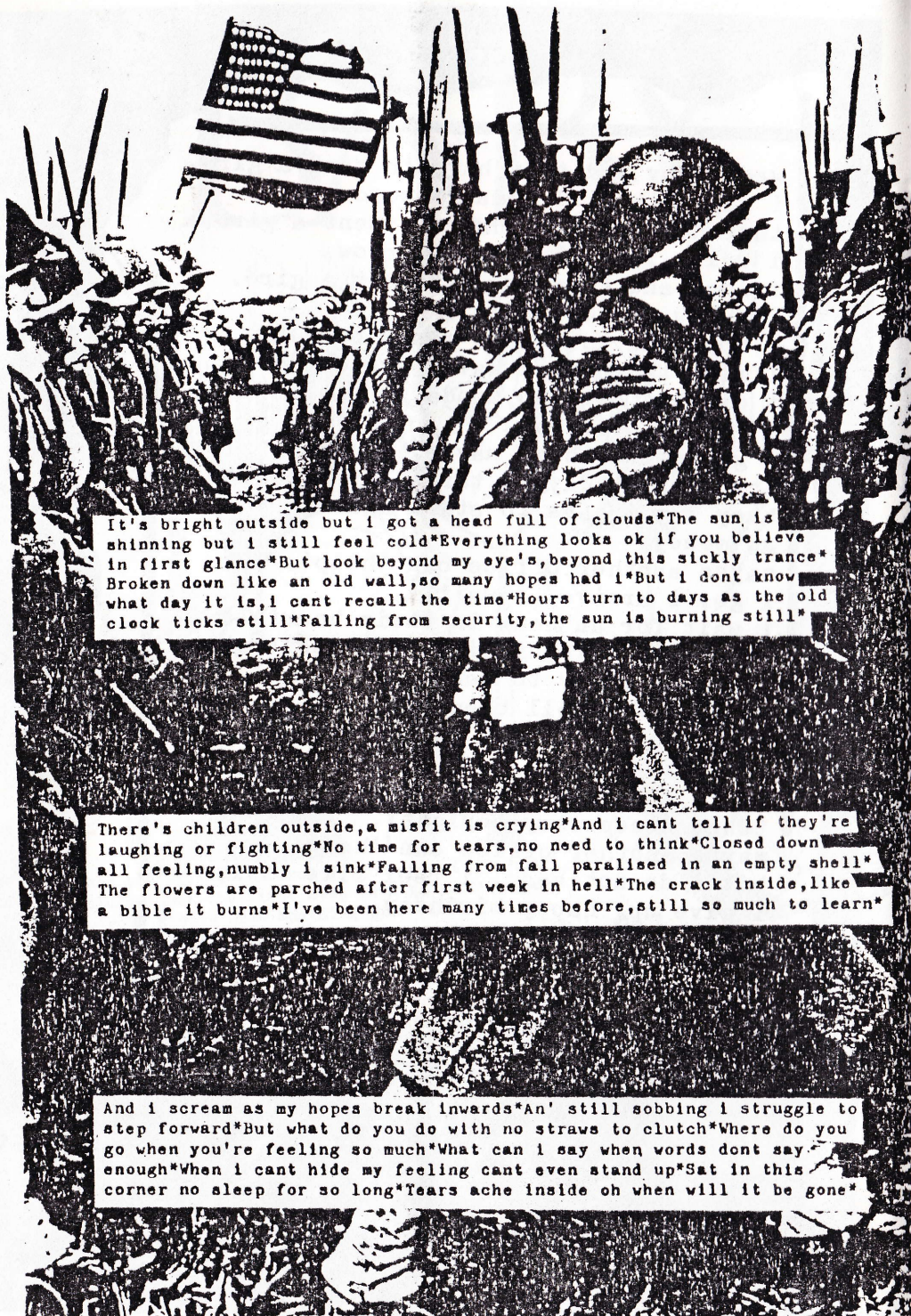
/// Baby, can we co-operate ? Why must we compete ?  
How come you're so red hot, when I've just got cold feet ?  
Do you want to please me ? Do you know just how ?  
Have I the nerve to tell you ? Does it matter now ?

/// Baby, do you want to learn, will you let yourself be told ?  
'Cos there's no point me doing this when I'm sure to be left cold,  
Baby, where's the pleasure ? Where's the energy ?  
I don't mind giving everything, but what the fuck do you give me ?

Kim

wednesday and they haven't sent a giro.  
i wait. it will come tommorow.  
thursday and they haven't sent a giro.  
i wait. it will come tomorrow.  
friday and they haven't sent a giro.  
i can wait no longer.  
i have had to borrow money to eat.  
i ring them up. i have been cut-off.  
i did not sign on monday.  
i forgot. too bad.  
i go to see them. maybe...  
its my birthday in three days and i'm broke.  
they say i have to start again.  
no money.  
maybe another office can 'help'.  
i go. i arrive. i wait.  
i wait for an hour in their horrible  
cardboard-box building. i'm desperate.  
they are ready to see me.  
my name ? i tell them.  
my address ? i tell them i have just moved.  
their eyes light up.  
it is no longer their responsibility.  
(they sleep easy tonight).  
maybe another office can 'help'.  
but i do not hear. i feel like crying and  
i give up. happy birthday.

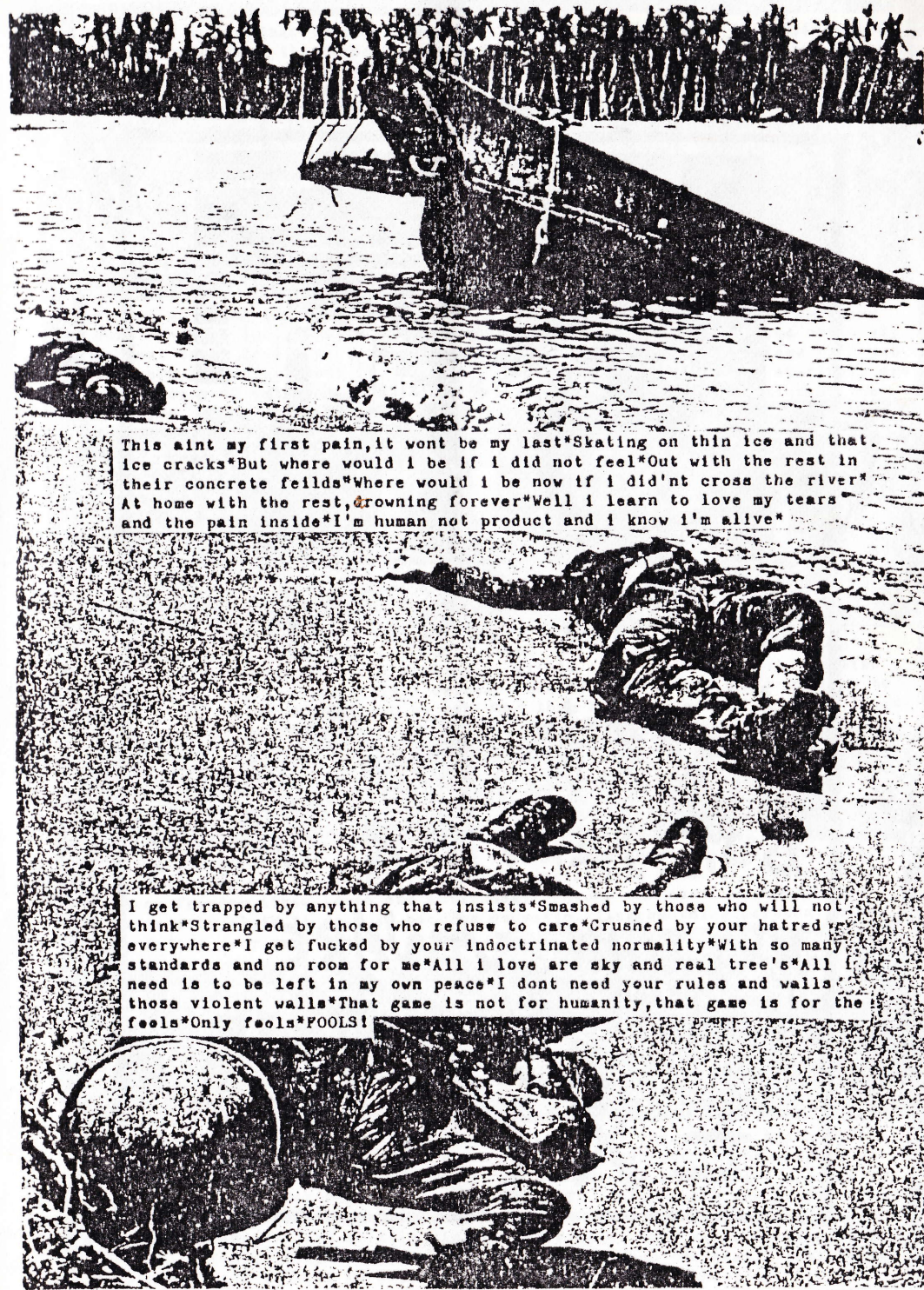




It's bright outside but i got a head full of clouds\*The sun is shining but i still feel cold\*Everything looks ok if you believe in first glance\*But look beyond my eye's,beyond this sickly trance\*Broken down like an old wall,so many hopes had i\*But i dont know what day it is,i cant recall the time\*Hours turn to days as the old clock ticks still\*Falling from security,the sun is burning still\*

There's children outside,a misfit is crying\*And i cant tell if they're laughing or fighting\*No time for tears,no need to think\*Closed down all feeling,numbly i sink\*Falling from fall paralised in an empty shell\*The flowers are parched after first week in hell\*The crack inside,like a bible it burns\*I've been here many times before,still so much to learn\*

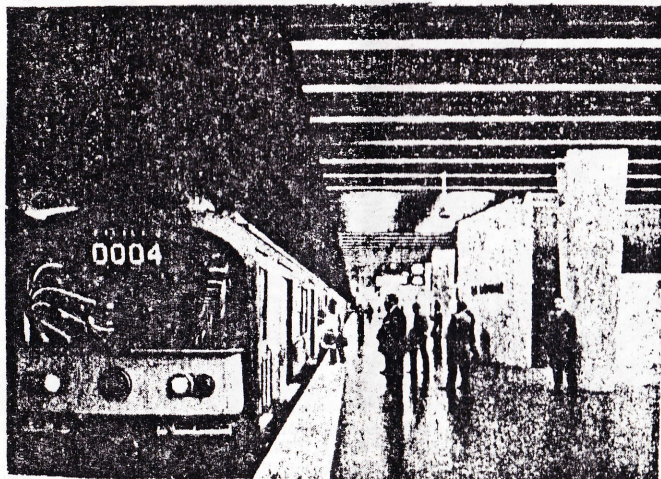
And i scream as my hopes break inwards\*An' still sobbing i struggle to step forward\*But what do you do with no straws to clutch\*Where do you go when you're feeling so much\*What can i say when words dont say enough\*When i cant hide my feeling cant even stand up\*Sat in this corner no sleep for so long\*Tears ache inside oh when will it be gone\*



This aint my first pain,it wont be my last\*Skating on thin ice and that ice cracks\*But where would i be if i did not feel\*Out with the rest in their concrete feilds\*Where would i be now if i did'nt cross the river\*At home with the rest,crowning forever\*Well i learn to love my tears and the pain inside\*I'm human not product and i know i'm alive\*

I get trapped by anything that insists\*Smashed by those who will not think\*Strangled by those who refuse to care\*Crushed by your hatred everywhere\*I get fucked by your indoctrinated normality\*With so many standards and no room for me\*All i love are sky and real tree's\*All i need is to be left in my own peace\*I dont need your rules and walls those violent walls\*That game is not for humanity,that game is for the feels\*Only feels\*POOLS!





I CAN SEE YOU,  
YOU CAN SEE ME,  
BUT NEITHER OF  
US ARE AWARE  
THAT THE OTHER  
EXISTS...

There are many things in this life that i love, basically life itself, free life. And the only thing that keeps us from free life is ultimately ourselves, we all feel the walls which the system builds, but it's only our acceptance of these walls which keeps them there.

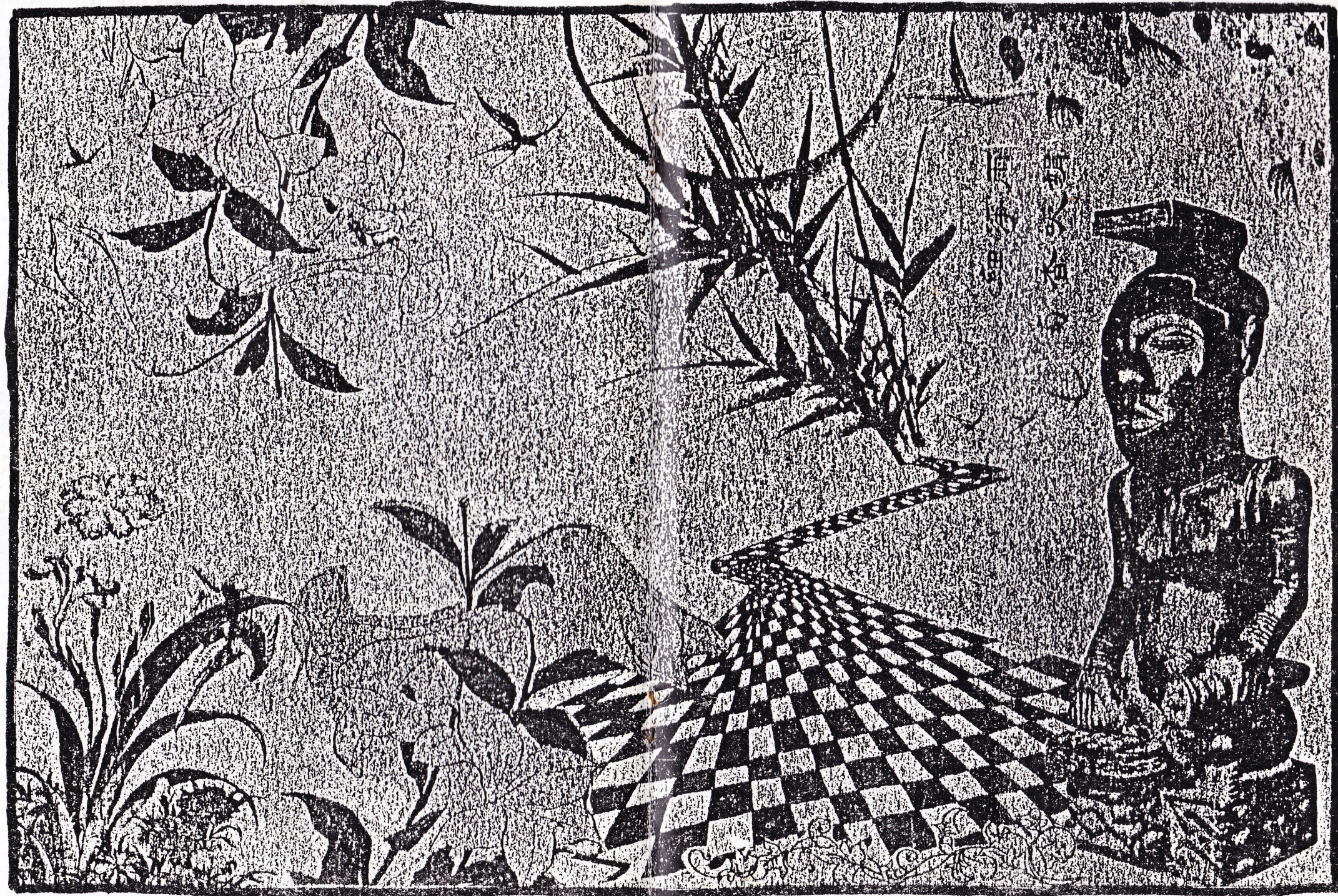
We end up being that wall, the barrier, so we must break it down, but this can only be done individually for individualism is the only concern, so obviously we must break down a part of ourselves. If you've sussed the systems shit out what are you doing about it. War is the result of your violence. Abattoirs are there cos y ou eat meat. The cold people around you are a reflection of the cold you.

I find, that many people who are confronting the system and themselves, who identify with anarchism, still have walls within themselves about things like drugs, magick and the connections between them all and nature, and how steps to anarchy and anarchy itself can be achieved thru both the occult and thru drugs.

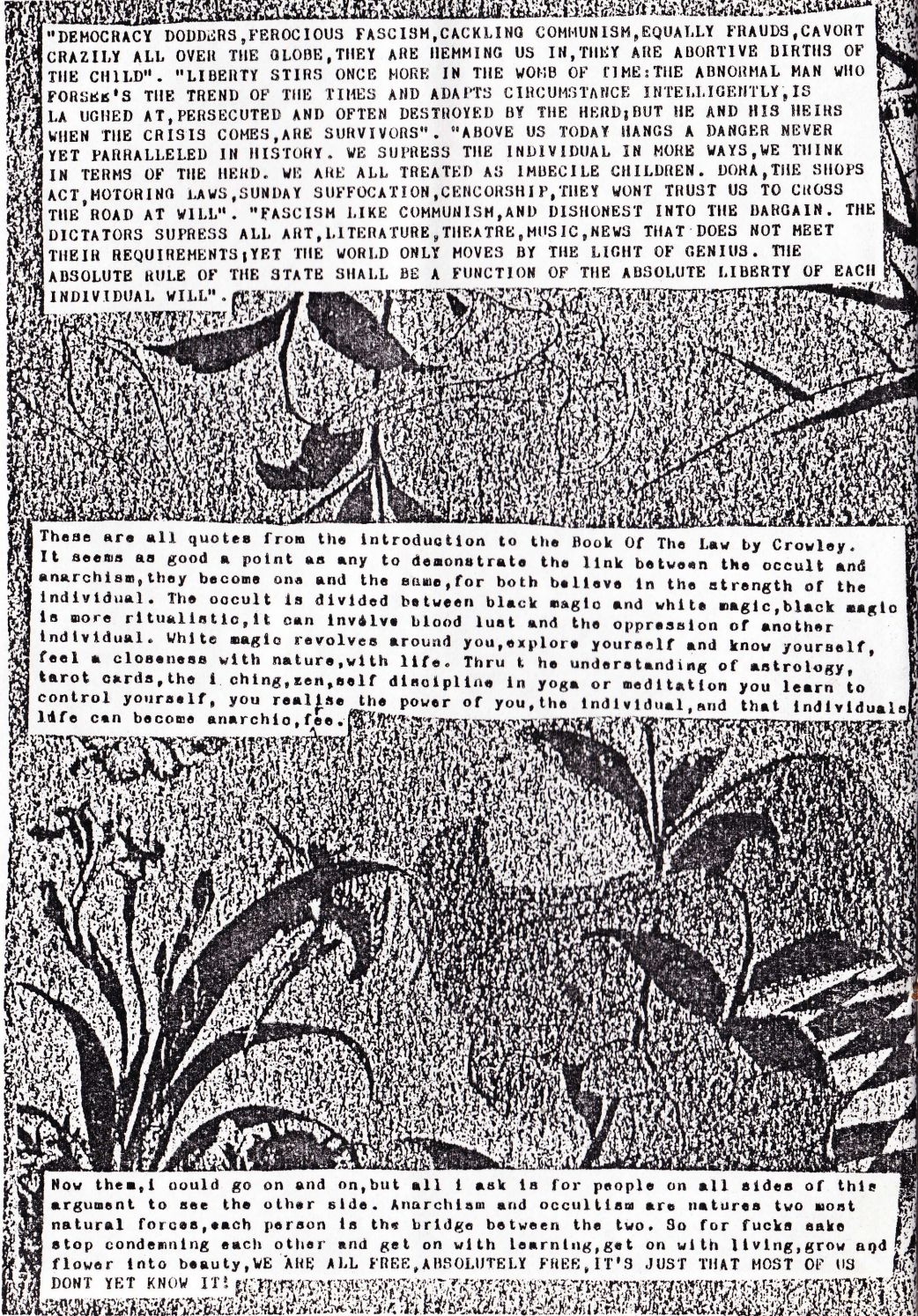
Taking anarchy itself first, it means nothing more than individual freedom, communication and expression, the obvious restriction is mutual respect for others freedom, lives ideas and attitudes. Anarchy can never expand beyond the individual, if it does it becomes dogmatic. Its something personal, human, you define your own life and live it.

Many people have assorted views on drugs, i feel that, theyre like anything else in life, in moderation they can be groovy/ Dont you ever wonder why they're illegal, do you believe that those faceless authorities really care about a 19 year old punk who overdoses and dies. THEY DONT! Most people who dabble with drugs do it in moderation, taking what they need from the drug, and the things with magic mushrooms and acid(lad) is that they alter your state of mind, you see things differently, they change the state of reality, and the states reality is the biggest wall we have to smash, why else did they start shooting hippies?









"DEMOCRACY DODDERS, FEROCIOUS FASCISM, CACKLING COMMUNISM, EQUALLY FRAUDS, CAVORT CRAZILY ALL OVER THE GLOBE, THEY ARE HEMMING US IN, THEY ARE ABORTIVE BIRTHS OF THE CHILD". "LIBERTY STIRS ONCE MORE IN THE WOMB OF TIME: THE ABNORMAL MAN WHO FORSEES THE TREND OF THE TIMES AND ADAPTS CIRCUMSTANCE INTELLIGENTLY, IS LAUGHED AT, PERSECUTED AND OFTEN DESTROYED BY THE HERD; BUT HE AND HIS HEIRS WHEN THE CRISIS COMES, ARE SURVIVORS". "ABOVE US TODAY HANGS A DANGER NEVER YET PARRALLELED IN HISTORY. WE SUPPRESS THE INDIVIDUAL IN MORE WAYS, WE THINK IN TERMS OF THE HERD. WE ARE ALL TREATED AS IMBECILE CHILDREN. DORA, THE SHOPS ACT, MOTORING LAWS, SUNDAY SUFFOCATION, CENSORSHIP, THEY WON'T TRUST US TO CROSS THE ROAD AT WILL". "FASCISM LIKE COMMUNISM, AND DISHONEST INTO THE BARGAIN. THE DICTATORS SUPPRESS ALL ART, LITERATURE, THEATRE, MUSIC, NEWS THAT DOES NOT MEET THEIR REQUIREMENTS; YET THE WORLD ONLY MOVES BY THE LIGHT OF GENIUS. THE ABSOLUTE RULE OF THE STATE SHALL BE A FUNCTION OF THE ABSOLUTE LIBERTY OF EACH INDIVIDUAL WILL".

These are all quotes from the introduction to the Book Of The Law by Crowley. It seems as good a point as any to demonstrate the link between the occult and anarchism, they become one and the same, for both believe in the strength of the individual. The occult is divided between black magic and white magic, black magic is more ritualistic, it can involve blood lust and the oppression of another individual. White magic revolves around you, explore yourself and know yourself, feel a closeness with nature, with life. Thru the understanding of astrology, tarot cards, the i ching, zen, self discipline in yoga or meditation you learn to control yourself, you realise the power of you, the individual, and that individuals life can become anarchic, free.

Now then, I could go on and on, but all I ask is for people on all sides of this argument to see the other side. Anarchism and occultism are nature's two most natural forces, each person is the bridge between the two. So for fucks sake stop condemning each other and get on with learning, get on with living, grow and flower into beauty, WE ARE ALL FREE, ABSOLUTELY FREE, IT'S JUST THAT MOST OF US DON'T YET KNOW IT!

## ZEN FLESH, ZEN BONES

### 空 1. A Cup of Tea

Nan-in, a Japanese master during the Meiji era (1868-1912), received a university professor who came to inquire about Zen.

Nan-in served tea. He poured his visitor's cup full, and then kept on pouring.

The professor watched the overflow until he no longer could restrain himself. 'It is overfull. No more will go in!'

'Like this cup,' Nan-in said, 'you are full of your own opinions and speculations. How can I show you Zen unless you first empty your cup?'

### 煙 23. Eshun's Departure

When Eshun, the Zennun, was past sixty and about to leave this world, she asked some monks to pile up wood in the yard:

Seating herself firmly in the centre of the funeral pyre, she had it set fire around the edges.

'O nun!' shouted one monk, 'is it hot in there?'

'Such a matter would concern only a stupid person like yourself,' answered Eshun.

The flames arose, and she passed away.





BUILD A FAMILY, BUT MAKE IT BLEED  
THEN BUILD A CITY WITH CONCRETE TREE'S

TEACH THE CHILDREN YOUR HIGH RISE DREAMS  
AND TELL THEM THEY ARE FREE.....

THE  
ARMS  
RACE —  
DROPOUT  
OR  
FALLOUT.



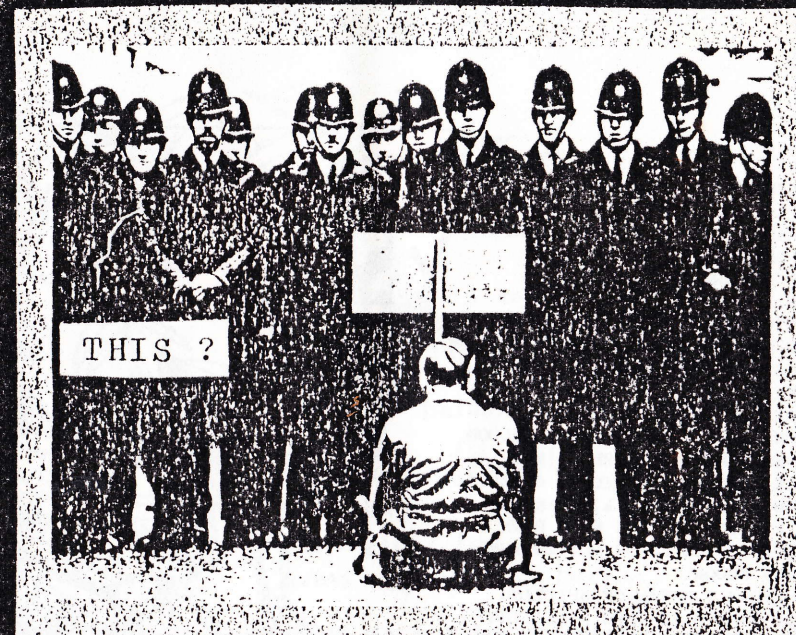
The Telecom man see's his world crystal clear, when he's installing phones and tapping dem phones with bugs and gadgets designed to kill all hopes of privacy, yeah he's happy with his world he gets a kick out of his job. And there's a soldier of fortune only seventeen years old, but he acts like a man is supposed to, he's started to shave but he's never had sex (apart from with himself), but he's ready to destroy another human being. He knows where he stands in his world of 'THEM' and 'US', and he's always ready for murder to keep the barriers clear, he'll always be soldier cos i knew him at school.

The lorry driver he knows what's what, the world is an endless map of roads, of destinations and greasy cafe's his world of industrial rubbish and obscure nuclear power plants, he's got a world and it's a busy busy world, sixty miles an hour and never nothing less. And the tourists are tourists and everythings just great, as they trample on the beggars and rejoice at the screams of Rape, as the money flows from hand to till, they have a ball and burn in the sun, tanned like chickens in a barbeque, pissed as rats on a sinking souvenir ship.

The english housewife she knows her place, with her aging gently make up face, in haunted supermarkets and the endless hours of fantasy window shopping, cooking the beef and gagging on valium, pleasing the husband, even when he's not pleasing her, tolerating the kids cos she's their mother, regarded by hubby as 'Wife' not 'Lover', but she has a world of glossy domestic magazines, but this is a sad world and it's splitting at the seams, it's fucked and it's painful, but her world goes on cos it's all she has in desperation to cling to...

The policemen have thier world of cop and robbers, punks and niggers, they've got us all susse cos were on their computers, we've all been fingerprinted at birth and we'll soon have numbers tattooed upon our wrists, and one by one they're kicking us to death, yeah the pigs have their world and ive got mine, they make you feel guilty if you even ask them for the time, the cops have their world and will it ever change, cos their world is too violent, it's sad some never learn. Mr Postman has his world of letters and parcels, walking round streets where houses are numbers and the names dont matter....or he drives down country lanes in his red for rage van, smiling at joe public then stabbing him in the back, checking all the mail, be it overweight or bumpy, charging a little extra or opening up the letter, censoring the bits that may offend and passing magazines to the police instead of the person you intended is to reach, the G.P.O. is a killer of free speech, and what does it do with its millions of profit?

The electricity man is a humble man, dressed in uniform and black cap, he taps the door to read your meter, and if you cant afford to pay they let you freeze in winter, the old and weak die every year, and you know why, but this is their world and theres no way to intrude without breaking a law, so they cut off our electric and we turn it on again, cos a nights not so nice without a fire or a light, but ive seen them come and go, down the door an pull out the mains but we cant blame a man for the state of the world, slave to master, and to wage!



OR BOTH ?



I STRIKE THE MATCH THAT LIGHTS  
THE FAG FROM WHICH I TAKE  
SEVERAL DRAGS, AND AS THE JOINT  
GETS SMALLER I GROW A LITTLE  
OLDER AND DRIFT, RELAXED, INTO  
SLEEP.

FIVE HOURS LATER I AWAKE,  
BLOOD RUSHING ROUND MY HEAD LIKE  
IT WAS MADE OF SULPHATE, SPINNING  
IN CRAZY IMAGES FLICKERING LIKE A  
STROBE, AND I FIND MYSELF  
MASTURBATING INTO A PLASTIC BLOOD  
STAINED DEWHURSTS CARRIER BAG AND  
AT THE SAME TIME GREEDILY GUZZLING  
BACARDI AND COCA COLA, DRINKING AND  
FIST FUCKING UNTIL I FALL DOWN  
AND EVENTUALLY CRASH OUT ON THE  
KITCHEN FLOOR.

WHERE I DREAM OF SPITTING  
PRETTY PIAKTURES INTO A BLAZING  
FIRE. WHERE I ALWAYS GIVE MORE THAN  
THEIR DEAD COLD STARES AND NO  
HOPE NO CARES FROM EMPTY STERILE  
MINDS AND EMPTY TEST TUBE HEARTS.

AND STILL, DESPITE ALL OF THIS  
AND BECAUSE OF ALL THIS MANNEQUINISM  
I REMAIN SURE OF ONE THING

EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE  
EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE

EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE

EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE

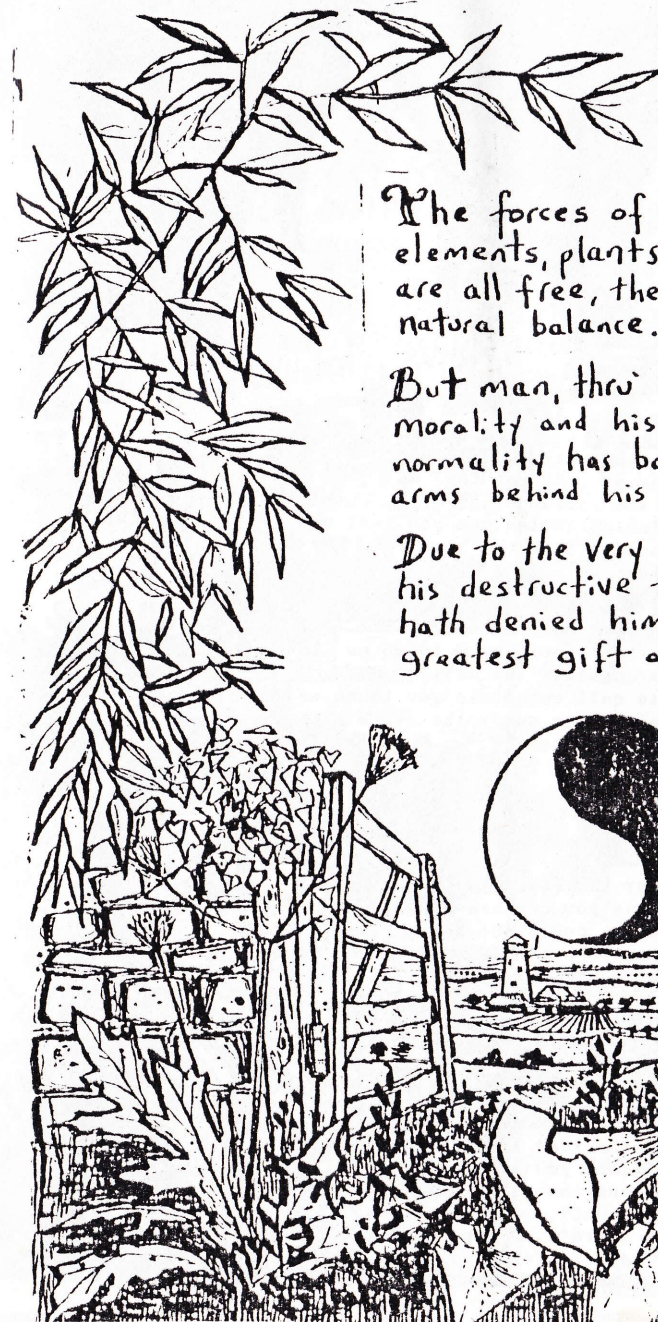
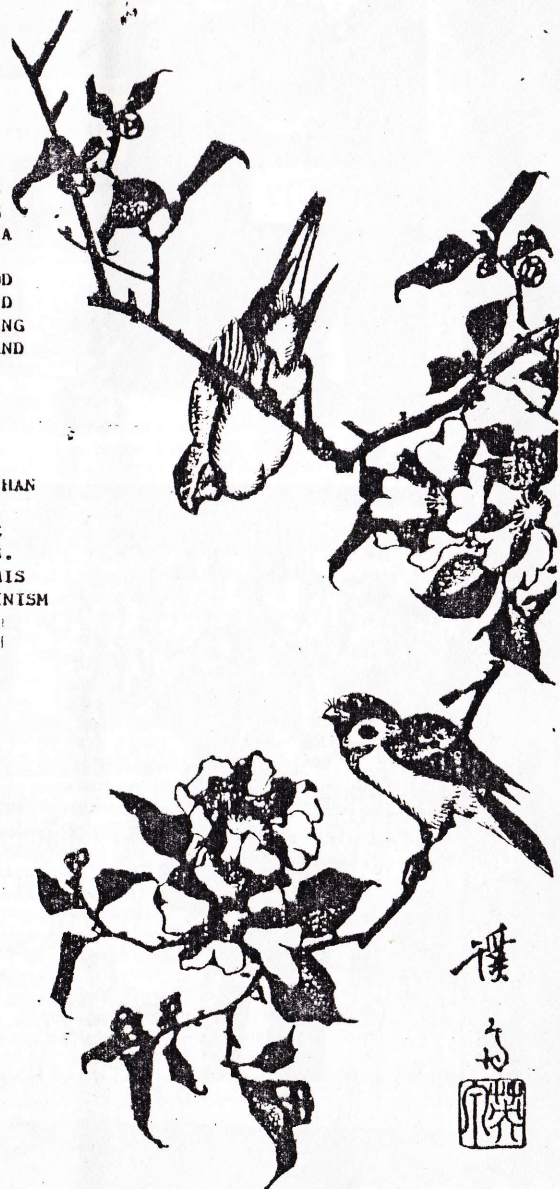
EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE

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EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE



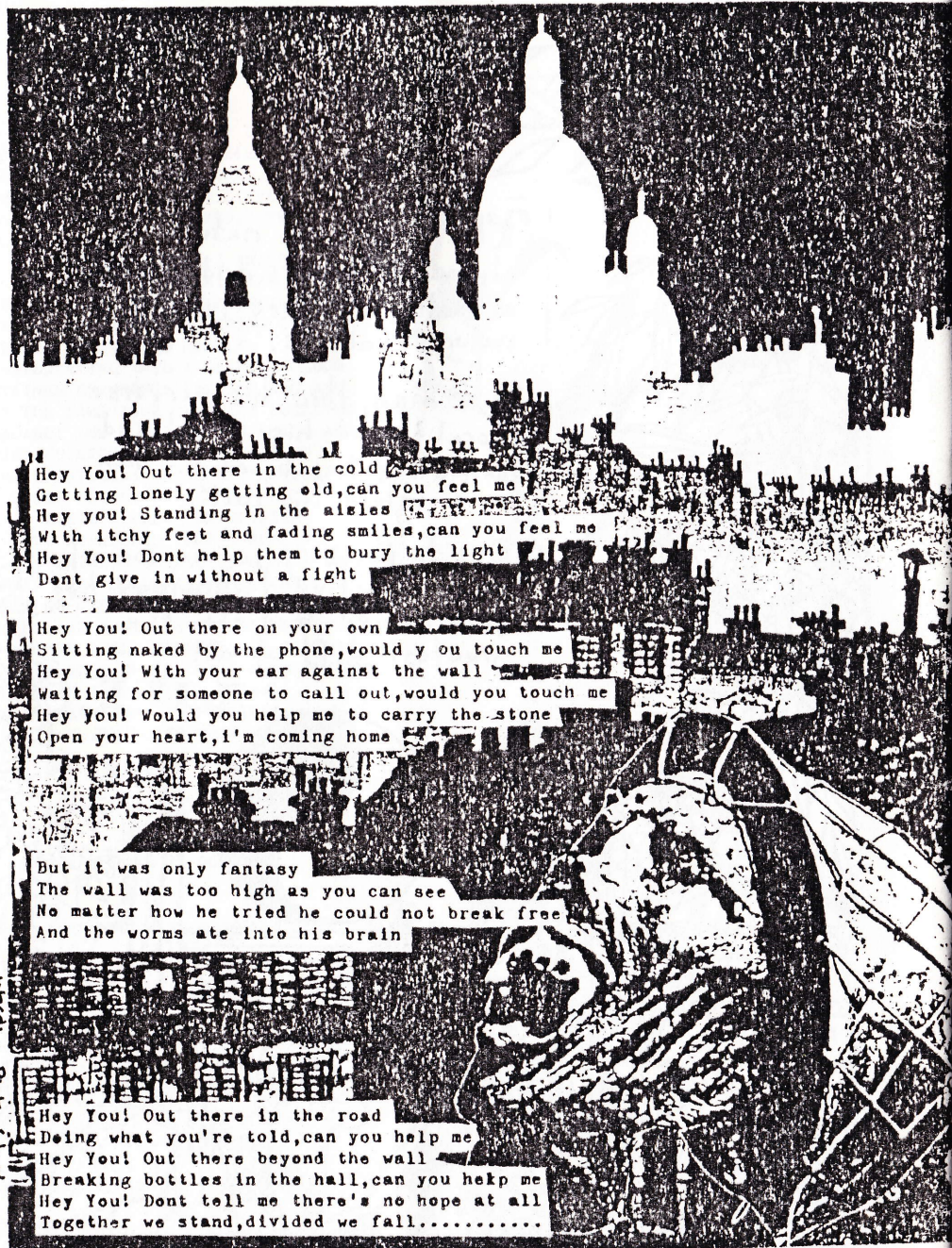
The forces of nature, the  
elements, plants and animals  
are all free, they have that  
natural balance.

But man, thru his perverse  
morality and his structured  
normality has bound his own  
arms behind his back.

Due to the very foundation of  
his destructive technology, he  
hath denied himself the  
greatest gift of all:

LIFE.





Hey You! Out there in the cold  
Getting lonely getting old, can you feel me  
Hey you! Standing in the aisles  
With itchy feet and fading smiles, can you feel me  
Hey You! Dont help them to bury the light  
Dont give in without a fight

Hey You! Out there on your own  
Sitting naked by the phone, would you touch me  
Hey You! With your ear against the wall  
Waiting for someone to call out, would you touch me  
Hey You! Would you help me to carry the stone  
Open your heart, i'm coming home

But it was only fantasy  
The wall was too high as you can see  
No matter how he tried he could not break free  
And the worms ate into his brain

Hey You! Out there in the road  
Doing what you're told, can you help me  
Hey You! Out there beyond the wall  
Breaking bottles in the hall, can you help me  
Hey You! Dont tell me there's no hope at all  
Together we stand, divided we fall.....

Words - Pink Floyd

# LIFE POISON GIRLS

**LIFE** YOU CARE SO MUCH YOU CARE A LOT  
I HEAR YOU MOAN I HEAR YOU CRY  
THE THOUGHT OF ALL THE LONELY PEOPLE  
MAKING YOU CRY COS YOUR LONELY  
LONELY TOO INSIDE

**LIFE** YOU STUDY ALL THE PAPERS ON HUNGER AND DISEASE  
SITTING IN YOUR EASY CHAIR YOUR GREEDY TO FEED  
COS YOU'RE HUNGRY, HUNGRY TOO INSIDE

**LIFE** THEY SET THE TRAP THEY LAY THE BAIT  
THEY SET IT UP FOR YOU TO ROSE  
THEY MAKE IT HARD THEY MAKE IT HURT  
AND THEY TURN THE SCREW AND ITS HURTING YOU  
HURTING YOU INSIDE

**LIFE** AND THEN THEY TALK OF WAR AND THEN  
THEY COME FOR YOU TO FIGHT  
YOU SAY SURE YOU'RE CONNNA FIGHT YOU SAY  
WAR IS ALL RIGHT COS YOU'RE ANGRY  
ANGRY TOO INSIDE

**LIFE** YOU LOOK SO HARD YOU LOOK SO TOUGH  
YOU'RE COLD AND UPTIGHT  
YOU TALK SO HARD AND YOU TALK SO TOUGH  
YOU SCARE ME AT NIGHT  
BUT YOU'RE FRIGHTENED BOY  
ANGRY TOO INSIDE

**LIFE** WELL ARE YOU HAPPY NOW  
ARE YOU SATISFIED  
ARE YOU HAPPY NOW  
DID YOU GET WHAT YOU WANTED?

Supermen of Japa

ike Japanese boy



Tension is how you spend most of your time

Tension is how you spend most of your life

Smile in your eyes in spite of the lies

And a little bit of the lies

that, its always about pushing back barriers. Me-It's like continuous revolution, gotta keep moving, isnt it? R-If you dont keep moving then its over really, once you get stuck into nostalgia. Vi-And a fashion, i think fashions have a definite time cycle of, they last just about long enough to get somebody thru their rebellious stage and just as the fashion peters out theyre just about ready to settle down, im sure thats true of the punk fashion. Me-And a lot of people line their pockets on the way. Vi-And how does that happen, who is manipulating that? I think that what we are doing has never been particularly fashionable, i dont think poison girls were wver the leaders of the punk fashion, we were there, we were real in it, but i think that the fashion aspect of revolution is manipulative and destined to make everybody redundant and absolute within that sort of 5-7 years or whatever it is that fashion lasts, probably less than that, and so you blow it, you blow your rebellious energy by identifying with the latest rebellious fashion, you shock your parents, you have to get out of the house, you do it, but by the time your really maybe poised to start something a bit & really dangerous, the fashions over and you've been negated, and i think its very important that that is understood, cos i dont think were anything to do with that. Me-Part of that must come from like the hippy generation cos there are so many similarities? Vi-Yeah thats absolutely right, there is a life cycle, it starts off with good raw energy and things do shift, and then it peaks and then it starts to go decadant and out of both the hippy and the punk, the most lasting thing to come out of it are business men, and the kids just dissappear. I mean that isnt true 100%, but the extent to which it isnt true is the extent to which people can survive fashion, and not have to remain loyal to it so you go down with a sinking ship. Me-Talking of the fears that people have with poison girls at the moment, a lot of them feel frightened that you want to leave behind the alternative scene, this is building a barrier as well, i see the point in breaking away from it cos people are too secure with it. Richard-I dont think we are leaving behind the alternative scene, i think we are the alternative scene. Vi-We have to remain it. Richard-The people who are still stuck in leather jackets, snakeskin pants etc, the people who would really, in their heart of hearts want it to be 1977 again, those are the ones who have left the alternative scene behind. Me-The people who want it to be 77-78 wernt there in 77-78, its the nostalgia trip isnt it, i grew up then and you just want to keep it moving forward, cos going back is giving up. R-I honestly dont think we are wanting to leave behind the alternative scene or get out of it, unless its like the same way with rock music, there was progressive rock in 68-69, which was great, then in 74 progressive rock meant something that was really really boring, and theyre still doing it now. Lance-Like the things they put on the old grey whistle test. We've been here a long time, especially vi and me, we've seen it all before lots and lots of times, and we know what the pattern is. This is the first time many people have experienced a phenomena which has grabbed them, but we've been grabbed, exploited and dropped about six times, so its clear how it all works. Me-So could you define an alternative to the alternative? Richard-I think its people who are continually looking, not contented with whats been offered. Vi-I think one of the dangers is precisely im your question, would you define it. Once you define something too clearly it then becomes possible for someone to grab it, exploit it and drop it, manipulate it and use it to defuse the next wave of revolutionary passion, as soon as you said that, i realised that we dont spend much time defining it and we've always had this problem in a business that requires you to define yourself very precisely all the time, what sort of music do you play, what sort of clothes do you wear and all that sort of thing is a way of defining and packaging something in order to make it obsolete, to dispose of it. And i think we've always had great difficulty in defining it, what we are is in a way too real to define, its very much a mixture of all sorts of strands of life that are going on in a context that is trying all the time to supress life so it might be that we are a mixture of all sorts of things like, using terms which have already been defined, feminist, anti-sexism, anti-war or whatever, but basically i see them all as strands of disobedience within our system and you cant really define it, theres a danger in defining it, also in forgetting what its about. When your basically disobediant it doesnt matter what you want, the important thing is what you dont want, i cant define what i want half the time.....

If you had wings my love would you fly  
If you knew that you never would die  
Would you live - would you try

Richard-Because what we actually wanted to do, and have done is move on from there and are attempting to push back some of the barriers which we were up against, if an audience cant see

PO BOX 299 LONDON E11 1EF.

never mind  
the Bomb -  
who's got the  
Biggest Cock?

.....i know passionately that what ive got isnt good enough, its the old thing, can we lay down blue prints for an anarchist society, in a way you cant cos its like permanently half whats in your imagination and in your desires and half making do with what you've got with basic raw material. How can you define a statue when all you've got is a block of stone and you havnt actually seen what you want to make.

Richard-Thats right, the act of defining it means that, thats exactly the process it goes thru, you have to be a 'real' 'punk', wear the right clothes or listen to the right music, and if you dont then your not a punk by someone elses definition of what punk is. Me-That was the thing in 77, do your own thing. Vi-It was also the motto of the hippies in the 60's, it was very much a part of the beatnick, that one of the bloody papers is trying to resurrect as this weeks thing. Lance-I think if you look back thru all these movements that we've been associated with.....





....punk came along as a reaction to degenerate hippiedom, in fact the spirit is very similar, it goes back to the beatnicks and the beats... Vi-The bohemians, dada's and surrealists... Richard-The flappers... Lance-It's a long strand thats been called all different things, but i think the intention and the spirit is the same, and i think you have to learn to recognise it when its happening, but not really be able to define it before it does. Vi-I think it has to be frightening in some ways in the way that Quentin crisp was frightening when he appeared in the street with eye make up on, i saw him in the 50's and he frightened me, i was fascinated mind you cos i like that, theres a connection between fear and excitement, that is part of what were talking about. The other thing is staying with the 'Total exposure' mode, which is what we were doing, but it was becoming really comfortable, it wasnt frightening us anymore. Me-Why did you decide on using a synth? Vi-We'd always used the synth in recording and if we were doing it in recording then it should be part of what were doing live. R-Again, its taking chances, we wanted to expand the actual style of music that we were doing and its quite difficult, i dont think we'll ever get away from being a guitar based band, but actually being able to add another instrument and another vocalist just expands the possibilities of sound that we can use, i dont think we've lost the ferocity of our performance. Me-I think your performances are a lot more emotional now, do you pick up on the feelings that you generate at gigs, does that come back at you? Vi-Yeah, i used to be afraid of audiences and some of that was productive, it got you keyed up and feeling that you had to do something, the other side of it is that theres too much fear.... Me-The crass audience was mostly male wasnt it? Vi-I was going to say that, it comes back to that. When i said i'd got over fear of my upbringing, a lot of that was as a child, i didnt know many boys or men and certainly it was quite protected and i went to a girlschool, and coming as it did as a reaction to the hippy thing, i found the clothing and the style and the militaristic aspect of it frightening, but thats all in brackets....the other bit of that fear is that it inhibits you and i was frozen with fear, paralised with fear a lot of the time in the beginning, ive just found lately, since we've broken away and done more of what we wanted to do, ive got more confidence, we've taken a few risks that seem to have worked, like

confident to actually feel what the audience is feeling and working with that. Richard-Comeing back to saying its more emotional, the success of any band is how it mirrors the emotions that its dealing with, what youre picking up on now is that were dealing with more emotions than just anger, the base of punk music was always in anger, were still aware of and in touch with that anger, but i think theres other things as well that are coming thru, which are much more difficult musically to portray. Vi-It always seems that even in the heart of hard core punk audiences, like one gig we did recently in manchester which was 100% really punked up audience y'know and it felt quite frightening, there were a lot of issues we were dealing with, management of the place and the way the gig had been advertised and how much the beer was and everything, it was all quite confronting, the whole scene, it was one of the best gigs we did on the tour and what happened was that all that anger got broken thru where there was so much trust that i felt coming from the audience that i was able to give more of that emotion. What is proved by that is that all the tender sort of emotional stuff or more complex than raw anger is very much felt by the audience and people do want recognition that theyre feeling more than just wanting to get up and fight and shout, theres a huge amount of energy there which is to do with wanting to love and take risks and be vulnerable and admit and be honest about all that, that i think was supressed and it was quite oppressive all that hard core punk streety stuff. Me-Since your musics sort of changed, lets say from wheres the pleasure, thats like a changing point, since then your audience has changed a lot, theres less leather jackets, its a more mixed audience, and the musics more tender, ive seen people crying at your gigs, is that what you actually wanted, did you want that change to happen? Vi-Yes, i think the aspect of leather jackets, which is armour, was a barrier to us getting thru to do with what we wanted to do with an audience. R-We have always played the tenderer songs. Vi-I just want to say, that bit about armour, the writing on the inside of the sleeve of 'ALL SYSTEMS GO'-OUTSIDE THE SYSTEM, THERE'S ONLY YOU AND ME AND OUR MUTUAL NAKEDNESS. I think thats always been part of what were doing, like the slow songs on hex, bremen song

other and tender lover.

## OF VIOLENCE OF PROTECTION AND PRIVILEGE

ABUSE OF OUR SEX THE COLLECTIVE WASTE FOR THE VICTIMS

Me-'WHO SLEEPS WITH WHO TONITE' is a line from the song Menage abattoir, is that song based on personal experience and have you ever seen the lovers triangle work? Vi-I think its whats in a lot of peoples minds a lot of the time...yeah?...No? Me-Yeah. Vi-In my personal experience it has been an issue going back thru from whatever, its entirely nothing to do with fashion is it? I think its a basic human thing. The song is about jealousy and thats certainly from personal experience, theres a lot of people trying very hard, ive never seen it work, but ive seen a lot of people try, and it depends on what you mean by work? Me-It working means that everybody is happy. Vi-No, ive never seen that, but maybe you should ask others. Me-Ive been involved in that situation, its either jealousy or possession that screws it up. Vi-Its very important, a lot of energy is wasted and tied up in that whole area, its not a side issue, its fundamental, its part of ownership patterns or security needs that were all struggling with, i know its not scientifically correct to bring in other species but ive seen jealousy operate in animals and bird life, not always, there are life forms that dont have it at all and the snail doesnt have any problems! Its both male and female. Me-Thats probably the solution isnt it? Vi-And as far as i know, it occurs in heterosexual and it occurs in homosexual and lesbian relationships as well, wether its a fact of life or not. Me-I think its important for people to keep challenging the concepts of so called normality, the same with the family as well.....are you pleased with the way your kids turned out? Vi-Yeah, well, most of the time...er..... i think i didnt have any great expectations in terms of what they ought to be, the only strong desire that i had was that my relationship with my children would be a lot better than my relationship with my family, which was really bad and still is really bad, thats another thing i havnt been able to solve. My relationship with Dan and Gemma is i think very good, especially my relationship with gemma, and i think the quality of the relationship with Dan is very close, but there are resistences and issues that i cant help him with in the way that i can with Gemma cos of him being male, for example, i went with Gemma to Greenham Common just recently for the first time for both of us and there was a whole lot of stuff about the expectations she's been living with on her as a young girl to do with boyfriends etc etc, and she hadnt had any first hand experiences of being in women only groups or situations, and we went there, and it is basically a womens only situation at greenham, whatever else it is, thats fundamental and what happened was we sat down there and were just listening and being with everybody round the campfire and suddenly Gemma turned to me and said it would be anything like this if there were men here, not even saying better or worse, just that something was happening that couldnt possibly happen, there were men there. Well, there arent any places like that for boys, maybe you dont feel the need of it, but i know that when i was talking to Dan the other day, i realised a lot of what he is struggling with in terms of his relationships, sexual or otherwise, is to do with his difficult feelings about himself as a male, cos he's grown up with me and ive said a lot of really heavy things and done a lot of heavy things which have attacked his 'manhood' in inverted commas, ive slagged off male ways and ive left him at times with nothing to identify with, well i think thats very sad, i feel sad about that, because of my own survival its neccessary, but he's got a lot of mending to do and a lot of things to sort out for himself, and i think theyll have to be sorted out with other men, or other boys who have experienced similar feelings, i cant do that with him, and there isnt a greenham common, a place for that to be sorted out, i think its important that its clear that this has to be done. Me-Yeah, for a female to change, theres a thing where people say a woman has it easy worse cos its a male society, which it is, and i know its hard, but people dont often realise that its just as hard for the male to uncondition himself with his sexist ways, like you said, Dan hasnt been left with much, i think every male has to go down to that level where theyre not left with much and then you start buildidg yourself, cos thats how you find yourself. Vi-And do you think thats something you can do on your own, individually? Me-I think i was halfway there when i moved to london a year ago, but the experience of living and sharing with people, to see each other and hug, y'know things like that to be able to communicate every sort of feeling, well i think thats neccessary as well, you cant totally sort yourself out without other people, i think its impossible. Vi-Well maybe its not neccessary for there to be a public place like Greenham Common, its somewhere to go again, out of the house, out of the private situation and work thru all these things that everybodys feeling in a way where you've gotta be really open, im not suggesting a male peace camp, just that this is important. THE END. I'D LIKE TO THANK VI, RICHARD AND LANCE FOR THEIR TIME AND THEIR TRUST, AND YOU FOR GETTING THIS FAR..

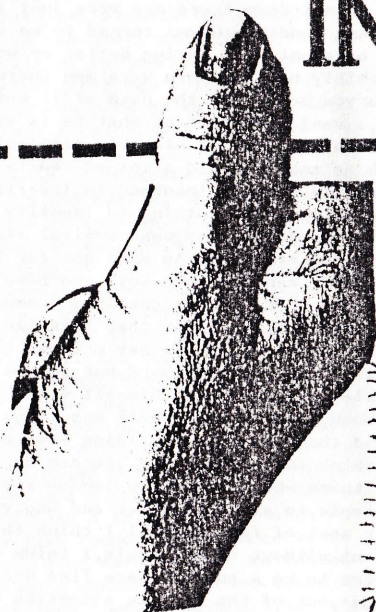
FOR THE DESOLATION OF OUR BODIES FOR THE

VICTIMS MORE VICTIMS

FOR THE DESOLATION OF OUR BODIES FOR THE



I WANT  
THE BEST  
PROTECTION FOR  
MY HOME AND  
EVERYTHING  
IN IT.



AND THE PROTECTION OF  
MATERIAL POSSESSIONS STILL  
GOES ON.

THE ROOT OF PAIN, THE  
SEEDS OF WAR, THE NEED TO  
PROTECT IS A NEED TO KILL,  
AND THE BLOOD FROM  
THE VICTIMS OF THE  
PROTECTORS OF POSSESSIONS  
RUNS RED AND DEEP IN A  
RIVER OF HUMAN DISCHORD !!

Marlboro  
FILTER CIGARETTES

Take a close look at a packet of marlboro cigarettes, note the fascist colours of red, black and white, note the three K's.....Ku Klux Klan? Phillip Morris is the chairman of Marlboro cigarettes, it is rumoured that he is actively involved with the K.K.K. and that half the companies profits go to the Ku Klux Klan organisation.

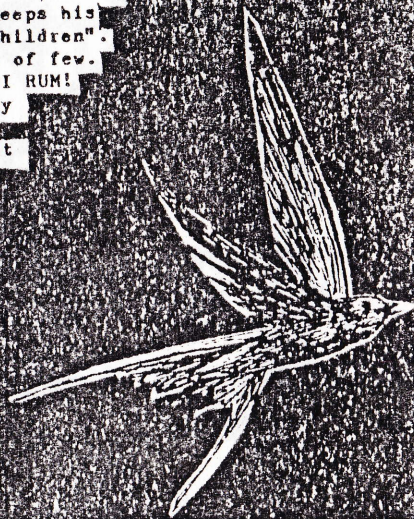
Also take a look at the back cover of most pornographic magazines and you'll probably see a 'Marlboro Country' advertisement, they sponser porn!

How many of these connections are true, i dont know, but it is vital that you begin to make the connections between the goods you buy and where they come from and whats in them and who bleeds for them, there is more to our consumers paradise than meets the eye.....



And thus the flame was lit and a few old friends crashed thru the wall, sat sprawled hideously with an all knowing smile, they breathed deep and slow, filling lungs with life. At this Action-Tho it seemed at the time to be somewhat insignificant-the boy looked cold and hard into his misory fathers eye's, and in the glistening reflection he saw an image of his mother who cried with eternal greif as the boy expressed his jey in being confused and uncertain. "Ashes to Ashes" mutters the preist, who is a fag "But thats ok with me so long as he keeps his hands to himself and doesnt molest little children". But he fails to really understand his words of few. MAN IS BUT BLOOD, BONE, WATER, MEAT AND BACARDI RUM! We start as ash, and end as ash, but no energy or life is ever lost, it just meves around. "If i knew you were coming here i'd have set my house on fire!"

Inhale the glorious raptures of madness, feel the living breeze, taste the flows of a stream thru empty minds of mirror glass, all reflecting each others mass tedium.



Tever block business business, like y'know, its always been there economics is their real system, their real christ. Hail menopoly. Fill pigskin wallets en peoples insecurity, cramming stick insect after twig moisturless crap child biafran into chomping face.

"THE WEST IS THE BEST" sings someone or other.....

The west is FAT  
Feeding on the THIN  
FAT face FAT  
In ripples, like a splattered  
Baby seal.

Yeah, the flame is lit alright and "Birds fly among my gutted dreams, a life of joy smashed at the seams, but Love is never what YOU Feel..." And now the flame is out, dark and lonely, as cold as the boys eye's, whose father has shut out all hope, and his limp prick is forever redundant, like four million others and sex is a flicker on his memory tv skreen. The mother speaks in a foggy dawn, and behind her bickering blackmailing lies, she remains tender and even compassionate as a tear falls, i see only another Ice Queen... But its only one second in a lifetime in this nonstop mixed up down down down slide to nowhere-land of nowhere dreams where nothing really lives and hardly anyone understands. Anyway, I'M NOT TAKING THIS STUFF AGAIN, its nothing really, just a FEELING INSIDE!



RAPE....THE SOCIAL FANTASY, OR A DOMESTIC REALITY?  
WITHIN THE PRESENT STRUCTURES OF BRITISH LAW A HUSBAND CAN LEGALLY RAPE AND MOLEST HIS WIFE.  
A WOMAN CAN BE ARRESTED AND PROSECUTED FOR CARRYING A WEAPON AT NIGHT FOR SELF DEFENCE IN CASE SHE IS ATTACKED.  
ISNT IT TIME THESE PATHETIC LAWS WERE STOPPED?  
ISNT IT TIME WE GAVE THE CAUSES AND EFFECTS OF RAPE JUST A LITTLE MORE THOUGHT?



CRAFTMADE/CRASSMADE/THEY WROTE BLACK AND WHITE SONGS/AND THE PISSED UP  
MEAT EATING LEATHER WRAPING/SEXIST VIOLENT BIGOTED SWEARING/TUNKS/  
DANCED ON THE CROSS OF ANTI RELIGION/ANTI HEROES RESSURECTED AS GODS/



craftmade



IMBEDDED IN A SKULL OF DEATH/DEATH/AND FUCKLANDS WAR/YOU SAY YOU'VE  
SEEN IT ALL BEFORE/WELL I CANT STAND YOUR NOISE NO MORE/THE MEANING  
DROWNS IN A SEA OF FASHION/ANGER AND HATE SUFFOCATE ALL EMOTION/YES  
THATS RIGHT PUNK IS DEAD/YOU PUT THE GUN TO YOUR OWN HEAD.

LET YOUR HAIR DOWN YOU MISERABLE BASTARDS  
ARE YOU TIRED OF THE WAY YOU ARE LIVING  
IN HALLS OF PLASTIC SUPERMARKETS AND ABATTOIRS  
CAN YOU TASTE THE BLOOD YOU'RE SWILLING  
I SENSE YOUR FEAR AS YOU DRIVE FAST  
AS YOU OFFER NO MORE THAN A MOCKING GLANCE

CAN YOU  
I SENSE YOUR  
AS YOU OFFER NO

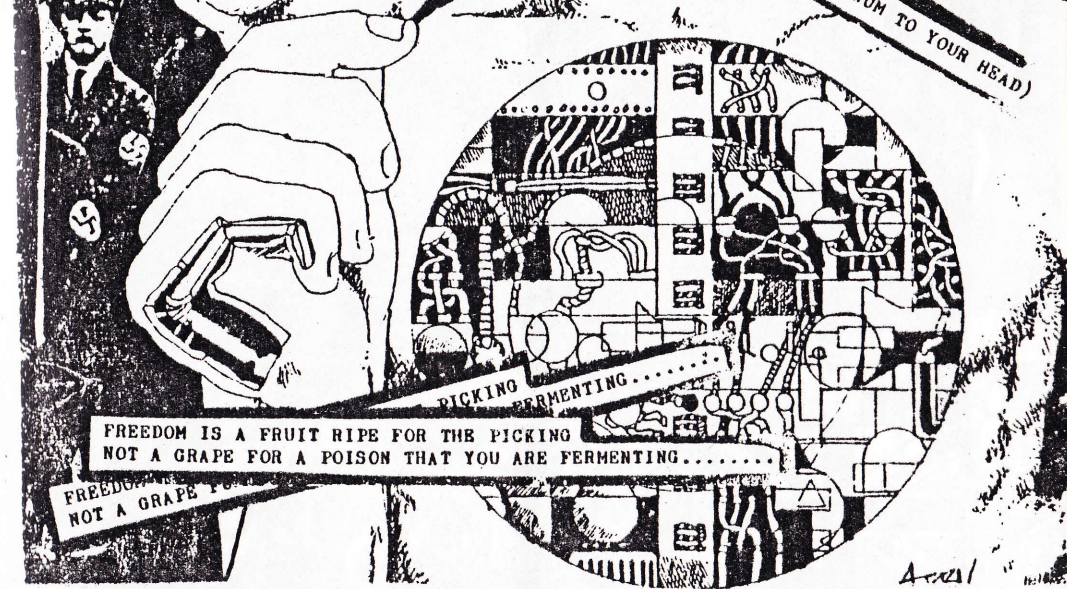


BUT COME NOW O' BASTARD HUMAN-PUPPET ON A STRING-  
WIPE THAT SMILE OFF YOUR FACE AND SING  
COME OUT FROM BEHIND MAX FACTOR COSMETIC SMILE  
I DOUBT YOU WILL THO' I WISH YOU'D TRY  
HEY THERE MR LIFE FUCKER!  
UNDERGROUND BUSINESS NAZI FAT BELLIED COMMUTOR  
YOU ARE TOO MUCH FAT FLESH  
NO LIFE, NO LOVE AND YOU ARE DEAD (I PUT A MAGNUM TO YOUR HEAD)

A STRING-  
SMILE

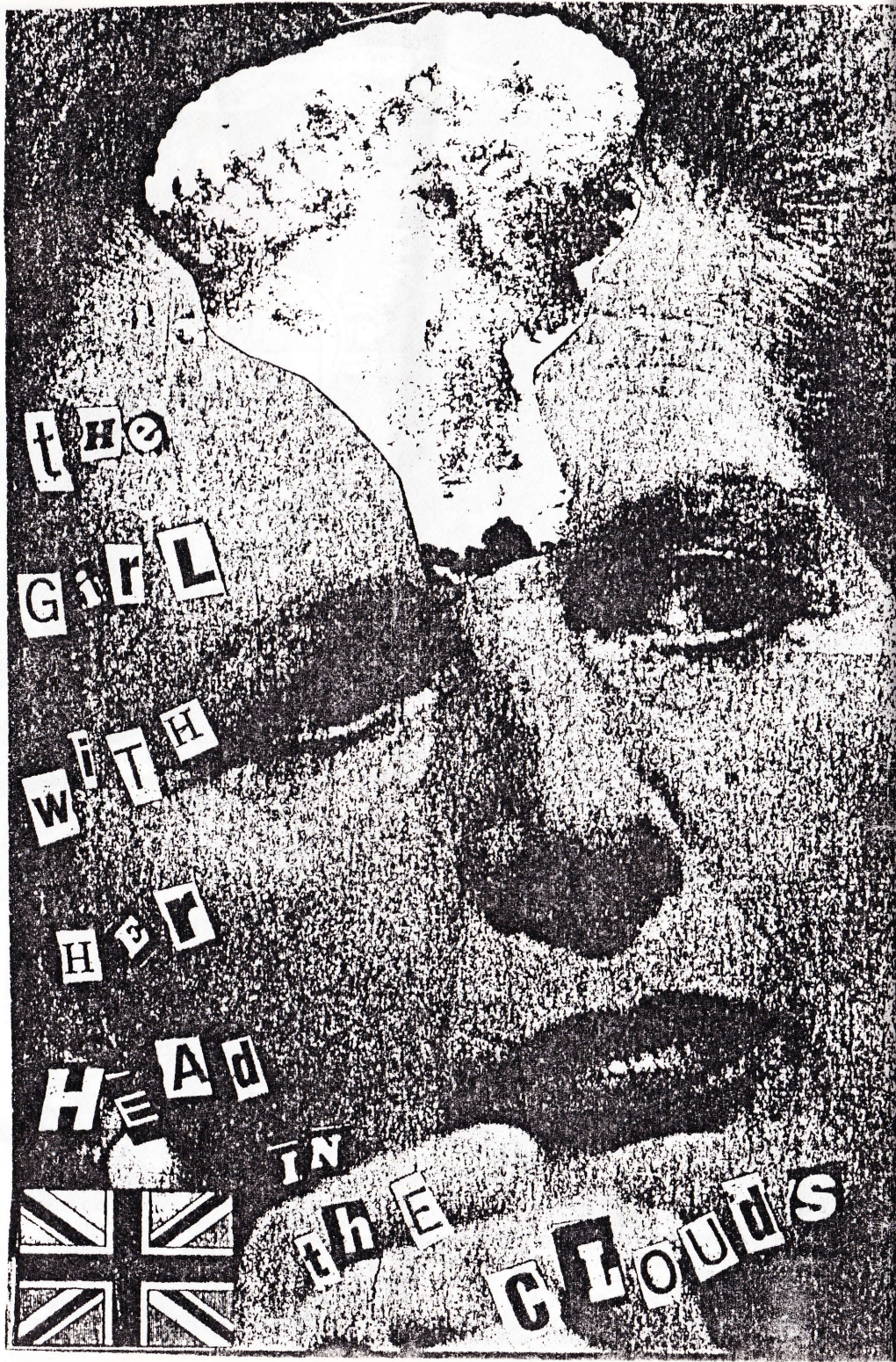
A MAGNUM TO YOUR HEAD

FREEDOM IS A FRUIT RIPE FOR THE PICKING  
NOT A GRAPE FOR A POISON THAT YOU ARE FERMENTING.....  
FREEDOM IS A FRUIT RIPE FOR THE PICKING  
NOT A GRAPE FOR A POISON THAT YOU ARE FERMENTING.....



Arad





Someone near you  
committed suicide today.

The difference between homicide and  
genocide is that it's you who pulls  
the trigger ..... but judging by  
the way that you live it's you who  
helps to press the button too





WRITE TO LEE c/o 96 BROUGHAM ROAD, HACKNEY, LONDON, E.8.

THANKS TO VAL, VI & MARTIN FOR USE OF HOLY TYPEWRITERS.



BYE BYE.....



